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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

Dollar Princesses Still "Warned Off!"

The talk of the town continues to be the bad odour into which the American peeresses have got this season, and Queen Mary's uncompromising refusal to tolerate them any longer. Nothing like this has ever been known at Court since Queen Victoria's reign, and it is sincerely to be hoped that somebody of influence will be able to repair the damage before Society foregathers again in town for the autumn season. Readers of *Modern Life* know, of course, all about the incident which finally placed Queen Mary right "up against" the dollar princesses. Those who don't can learn all about it in this paper for March 28th. And things have not mended since then.

* * *

Who will be King in Hungary?

The tragic deaths of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife finally settled the problem of the Austrian succession for good, but the papers are still harping on the possibility of trouble in regard to the succession to the Throne of Hungary. The *Daily News*, for instance, asks in a headline "Who is Heir to the Throne of Hungary," and goes on to point out that the late Archduke's "voluntary abdication of any claims on the part of his children does not solve the problem of whether, in view of the provisions of the law in Hungary, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand could thus abandon the rights of his children."

* * *

The Royal Archduke is also Heir to Hungary.

But the *Daily News* is imperfectly informed. The actual position is as follows:—It is true that Hungary does not recognise as morganatic a marriage with a lady not of the Austrian Blood Royal, and therefore, other provisions barred, the dead Archduke's son must be heir to the Hungarian throne. But when, after the Archduke's marriage, this question was carefully taken in hand, the late Hungarian Minister of Justice Szylagi, a distinguished jurist, brought forth a fundamental principle of the Hungarian Constitution which declared "He who is entitled to the succession in Austria is King in Hungary." That settles it.

* * *

"K. of K.'s" Successor.

The jade rumour is still hard at work upon the future of "K. of K." What does appear to be reasonably certain is that the present Sirdar and Viceroy of Soudan, General Sir F. R. Wingate, will succeed to Lord Kitchener's position when the latter is required "in another place." Wingate is the most trusted of all the men who helped K. of K. in the reconquest of the Sudan. From 1895 until, in '98, the army scaled the bloodstained walls of the Mahdi's capital, he served as a Chief of the Intelligence Department. But he had previously had a long apprenticeship in Egypt under Sir Evelyn Wood, and was Governor of the Red Sea littoral (Suakim).

* * *

"Your Affectionate Nell."

The Hon. Mrs. Wade Palmer, who has secured a decree for restitution of conjugal rights against her husband, is a lady of considerable importance in the Old Nobility. Mrs. Wade is one of the daughters of Baroness de Ros (pronounced Roos), who has lived for many years in simple retirement at her house in County Down, being herself paternally one of the FitzGeralds of the Duke of Leinster's family. Her eldest daughter, Mrs. Ross, lives with her; her second daughter is unmarried, and the third daughter, the Hon. Eleanor Charlotte Augusta Dawson, made a love-match with a Berkshire architect at St. Margaret's-on-Sea, in July of 1906, and the two children who have been since born to the couple are co-heirs to the most ancient peerage in the aristocracy of Britain. It is, therefore, a small pity that this couple, who at one time "were supposed to be so tremendously "smitten" with each other, could not agree, as the co-heirs to the old De Ros title are few and far between, and they have a name well worth perpetuating in this country. It is good to know that there *are* still a few of our genuine Norman nobility extant.

* * *

Illustrious Record of the Ros Folk.

In Mrs. Wade's veins there flows the blood of Cecils, Mannerses, FitzGeralds, and Villierses, and in the course of the centuries the De Ros barony has been lost under such tremendous titles as Duke of Rutland and Duke of Buckingham. No lady in England can boast an ancestry more illustrious than the unhappy wife of the Berkshire draughtsman who refused to live with her any longer. The origin of the De Ros family is lost in the mists of antiquity. One of the family claimed the Crown of Scotland through his wife, who was an illegitimate daughter of William the Lion; another married the heiress of Belvoir, and so got possession of that magnificent stronghold. The early Lords de Ros went to the wars in France and Scotland; some of them took the Cross, and left their bones to rot in the Holy Land; one lost his title and his head for the Red Rose, leaving Belvoir to be dismantled by Lord Hastings.

* * *

Lord De Ros Cheats at Cards.

The De Ros family, for all their splendid past, came under a severe cloud when Queen Victoria arrived on the Throne. Henry Lord de Ros was a gambler, who cheated at cards, was publicly branded as a scallywag by Mr. Cumming, brought an action-at-law to restore his good name, lost it hopelessly, and the very next day left England to hide his shame in foreign lands. The father of the present holder of the peerage, however, was a distinguished officer and courtier, who commanded the "First Life" for many years, and was an Equerry to the Prince Consort. If the De Ros family ever wanted revenge against the Cumming family for the disgrace put upon their escutcheon, they got it many years later, when a member of that family was connected with the famous Baccarat Scandal in which the late King Edward figured.

COATS FOR WOMEN: AT THE ABBEY.

A Society for the Protection of Millionaires.

Not long ago we were recommending the formation of a society for the protection (against themselves) of British millionaires. We certainly think the case of Sir James Caird requires "looking into." Sir James is a very good sort of a fellow, but he had the misfortune to come by his wealth much too easily. Hence it proves something of a trouble to him, and he has our sympathy. Anyway, he has just disposed of £24,000 for one of the silliest objects to which a small fortune could be placed. He has given the above-mentioned sum to Sir Ernest Shackleton to assist him in another of those useless expeditions across endless wastes of snow and ice, which may bring fame and notoriety to half-a-dozen sailors, but will do no practical good to anybody.

* * *

Sir James Caird Secures Belmont Castle.

Sir James Caird is Dundee's millionaire jute manufacturer, and his efforts to dispose of some of his wealth have been frequent. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have, of course, gone to Dundee—as they should! One of the baronet's newest speculations was the home of the late Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Belmont Castle, in Perthshire, with a mansion in the Scotch baronial style (and very ugly), and a thousand acres. This property was purchased by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman from the late Lord Wharncliffe, after the old house had been burnt down. We should have admired Sir James Caird a lot more if that cheque for £24,000 had gone to Arthur Pearson's fund for the blind.

Trouble Waiting for the Viceroy.

There will be dire trouble in India now that Bal Ganghadar Tilak is again at large. I know Tilak, and what he is capable of. I have seen men ruthlessly shot down in the streets of Bombay for the sake of Tilak—poor devils who did not know precisely what they were being shot for; only that Tilak had been sent to prison, and they thought God would be angry if they did not make a noise about it! The sentence passed upon Tilak of "six years penal" six years ago was grossly inadequate, but as it is part of the "wisdom" of the British Raj that in such a case a native must be sentenced by a native judge, Tilak got off with six years instead of the life sentence that he so richly deserved.

* * *

The Profits of Sedition-mongering in India.

Tilak is the greatest firebrand under the flag. His power of evil has no parallel in these islands. He controls the minds of countless millions of poor, ignorant brown folk, who believe him when he says that King George is a tyrant and a rotter, although they do not know that such an individual as King George exists until this verminous Western Indian sedition-monger tells them so. As a Brahmin, everything he says must be "Gospel," and they follow him blindfold, what time he grows richer and richer on the circulation created for his papers in Poona, in consequence of the belief that he is the greatest Hindoo patriot. As a fact, the poor benighted Hindoo has no greater enemy than Bal Ganghadar Tilak. And trouble will follow, now that Bal is again at large. Mark these words!

The Last of the Georgians.

Old Lord Wemyss was absolutely the last of the peers who lived in the days of King George the Third. Whether he ever met the old monarch is, of course, doubtful, as by the time Lord Wemyss was born in 1818 "Farmer George" was a hopeless lunatic, whose days were spent sitting on the side of his bed in a state of absolute nudity, talking over his love affairs fifty years before with Anna Lightfoot! So potent is the spirit of love—even in old age and complete dementia! Those of our lady readers who have been "crossed in love" may take heart of grace from this end to old King George!

* * *

A London Monument to the First Noble Volunteer.

Lord Wemyss was always the Georgian gallant, straight of tongue, and quick withal. When the late Marquess of Salisbury said something with which his Lordship disagreed—and he generally *did* disagree with Lord Salisbury!—he promptly up and told the Prime Minister, "The noble Lord is talking damned nonsense!" How Lord Wemyss knocked King Edward's silk hat off as he sat in the Lords is a memory which will always be cherished in the Upper Chamber. A truly grand old man was Lord Wemyss, and it should never be forgotten that to his inspiring patriotism we owed the Volunteer movement, which has given pleasure and health to countless millions of Englishmen during the last sixty years, as well as real succour to the State in the great war which occupied over 500,000 soldiers from the British Empire! Lord Wemyss should certainly have a public memorial in London, and we know the source through whom such a proposal is to be made to his Majesty.

A Curious Blight.

Some time ago we pointed out that Lord Wemyss's family were keenly hoping that the old gentleman would live another three years to put up a record which has not been so far made by any peer. Up till now, though the peerage has a recorded history of nearly a thousand years, no peer has lived to be a hundred! Lord Wemyss was nearly 97, and so came nearer that record than any other peer in this century, but, like all the others, he failed to complete the three figures. What curious blight is it that keeps a centenarian from the historic Roll of Peers!

* * *

Hats as London Land Marks.

Lord Wemyss, by the way, had his own fashion in hats, as became a nobleman who could recall the days of perukes and flowing wigs. He is, however, by no means the last of the hat-faddists. One of these days I am going to print a collection of my sketches on the backs of envelopes of the funny things worn on the heads of well-known Society men. There is George Keppel, for instance. I am reminded of him because I am perhaps the last individual to behold a top hat, the like of which may never be seen again. George was swaggering up Bond Street last Thursday at lunch time. He was obviously going home to lunch with the wifey. In Oxford Street he hailed a taxi, and as he climbed into it I thought he brought the famous "one and only" into rather violent collision with the top of the door. If so, one of the dandiest top-hats of a strictly exclusive make has passed for ever, unless George's hatter still has the original block.

* * *

Then there is the immense hat worn by Sir Squire Bancroft. As Sir Squire is like to be with us

Maid (announcing): "Twins!"
Parent: "Good heavens! I ought to have foreseen that. All her people are in the wholesale line."

"DO LOOK AT THOSE VULGAR PEOPLE, JIM, HOLDING THEIR BACKS STRAIGHT!"

another ten years (for he was in quite his giddiest humour down at Buckingham Palace the other night, when the Lord Chamberlain had the old actor at his annual official feed)—the hat worn by Sir Squire Bancroft is very like to become historical and to figure for centuries in Madame Tussaud's. As for Winston Churchill's felt hats—they may be unique, but nobody could call them "nutty"!

* * *

Lord Hugh and the First Life Guards.

What I said last week about Britannia's cheeks burning has had a happy corollary during the week. Less than a year from now excitement will be intense in regard to the regained Polo Trophy, which Lord Wimborne has borne back in triumph from the States. Last Wednesday I had the pleasure of watching a game at Hurlingham which made me inwardly "dance with delight." For seven or eight years there has been a dangerous limit to the number of polo men in the army, and the gallant four who went to America a few weeks ago had all been there before on the same job.

* * *

But now we are finding new men, and last Wednesday showed some new talent of the very first order, when the "First Life" team defeated the 15th Hussars in a very exciting match. The amazing part of the performance was that the game had been regarded as a foregone conclusion for the Hussars, who had Captain Barrett, one of the four who went to America, on their side. The Hussars were defeated by 6 goals to 4, and the victors included the Duke of Westminster's brother, Lord Hugh Grosvenor, and Captain Miller Mundy, who is now regarded as a polo-player who can scarcely be excelled for skill in any country. Everybody will be as keen as mustard on our retaining the Polo Trophy next year, for British sportsmen of all grades are waking up to a strong sense of mortification at our national decline in the field and the arena.

* * *

Royalty's Superstitions.

Dom Manuel, who was seen enjoying himself up the river the other evening with his wife and mother, is said to be superstitious, like many royalties. His father, the big, handsome, imposing monarch who was such a great friend of King Edward, and such a favourite with the London crowd, was a practical, hard-headed man of the world, who was never suspected of being superstitious. Yet he dreaded Fridays intensely, and hated to transact the slightest business on that day. Queen Mary is also of a rather superstitious nature, though not extraordinarily so. When she was Duchess of York she happened to break a valuable looking-glass, and was, in consequence, much unnerved. Her Royal Highness appeared quite melancholy, and went to the Duke to tell him mournfully that she knew something terrible would happen in consequence of the accident, and that one of her favourite cats was already dead. Now King George (like Lord Rosebery) never had any particular fondness for cats. So the next morning he saluted the Duchess with, "Any more cats dead?" On receiving a reply in what Mr. Asquith would call "the negative," His Royal Highness said, "Well, yesterday you told me that a cat had died because you broke a looking-glass, and I proceeded to break four more, with no result, I regret to say."

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

GREAT STATESMEN AND THE GIRLY-GIRLIES.

Chamberlain was undoubtedly a great man—great for himself. Of course, when he died the other day we had all the usual tomfoolery that we get whenever a prominent statesman passes in his checks. Everybody discovered with a quite startling unanimity that Joe was one of the most wonderful things in human beings that ever existed. Chatham and Burke, Gladstone and Disraeli all had to take a back seat to this wonderful business man from Birmingham, who finally got accepted by large numbers of his countrymen as a really great man, because the age of great men was dead, and nobody knew what a great man was really like. That is, in my humble opinion, the explanation of all the swanky stuff that has been written about poor old Joe. He was, it appears, the most perfect thing in husbands that ever was. He was the most sublime thing in paters that ever smacked his son's posterior anatomy with the fatherly slipper. Burke was a fool in oratory compared with him. Gladstone was a chicken compared with him as a craftsman in the House of Commons. Disraeli would have been knocked out by him on the floor of the House as rapidly as Colin Bell was knocked out by Bombardier Wells. Every great statesman who ever lived is always a fool compared with the great man who is kind enough to die at the exact moment when the ha'penny papers are short of copy.

I have not the slightest wish to belittle poor old Joe. He was, in the succulent and silly period of my callow youth, one of my heroes. He was a man of wonderful strength of character, iron purpose, striking ability within severe limits, great business power, a wonderfully rapid money-maker, a fine and cool and bitterly able debater. But when you tell me that he was one of England's great men, I can only smile. He himself knew his own worth subconsciously, which was why he refused to be buried in Westminster Abbey. He was, to tell the truth and shame the devil, not of the Westminster Abbey class, reader. People and statesmen who never change their opinions are, as we all know, superlative idiots, who have probably got no definite opinions, and few brains, to change. But we must draw the line somewhere, and Chamberlain's career, during which he wrecked every party and clique to which he ever belonged for the purpose of gaining his own personal ambitions, was just a little bit too thick. He pleased neither Tories nor Radicals. He betrayed both. He was always after his own little bit of the pudding of fame, and a big bit it had to be, or none at all. I think history will say that it approached nearer to the latter than to the former. You may not agree with me, reader. But that's my opinion, and my opinion is what I am paid to write.

However, poor old Joe had certainly one quality in which he could hold his own with any of England's statesmen. He loved the dear girls with a nice sweet love that we can all admire. And he was always quite respectable about it, and plucky even to the point of the Victoria Cross in entering into the bonds of matrimony three times. I can take off my hat to that sort of man. His bravery deserves honours that a Burke or a Chatham could never achieve. What a pity it is that his great friend, Sir Charles Dilke, was not so respectable as he in his love affairs. Had he been so, Dilke, with his magnificently superior brain, would have passed his pal easily in the race for the Premiership of England. For Dilke was great; Dilke had opinions and reasons for them that no personal ambition could shake or shatter. But poor Charley Dilke loved the dear girls not wisely but too well. Chamberlain did the thing properly—he married thrice and went to his grave almost the Henry the Eighth of British politics.

The inside girly-girly history of some of the statesmen of England would be an interesting study if you could only get at it—married girly-girliness and single girly-girliness, for it all comes to the same thing so far as passion is concerned. Has it ever struck you that some of our greatest statesmen are, and have been, the most passionate of men? English conventionality compels them, of course, to cultivate the science of skirt on the sly, but they do it all the same. I won't say anything about living men, but there are those sitting on the front benches of the House of Commons who could a tale unfold if they did what they never will do—wrote their autobiographies. But I'll tell you a little true story of a great and good old foozler, W. E. Gladstone, who was supposed by his friends to be the greatest saint that ever touched the dirt of politics, and by his enemies to be a hypocrite of the deepest dye, both as regards women and everything else. I was passling along Piccadilly one night at about 12.30 a.m., when Gladstone was Prime Minister, when I saw the Old Foozler walking along in front of me. I knew him well by sight, having seen him dozens of times. And, being young, and a hero-worshipper, and especially a worshipper of the Grand Old Foozler, I followed the old man, staring at him. He turned into St. James's Square, where everything was deathly quiet. I followed him, still gazing with awe at the great Prime Minister. Not another soul was to be seen in the quiet square. I walked about ten yards behind the old man, staring hard at his big fur coat and massive head and stately stride. Then suddenly like a midnight fairy from the bowels of the earth, a "lady" appeared on the scene just behind me. She accosted me. I blushed (I was young then), and pulverised her with a scornful look. But to my dismay she tackled the Prime Minister of England himself, and genuinely horror-stricken as I was, I was yet curious enough to watch the result. And the result was that the old man by no means choked her off, as I in my youthful indignation had done. Not at all. He simply paralysed me by chatting with the "lady" and allowing her to walk freely by his side. That, reader, was one of the first and greatest disillusionments of my life. I am not exaggerating when I say that I was literally horrified, for I was a good young man, then, alas! and I thought it was a good old world.

Twenty years afterwards I read a remark of Mr. G. W. E. Russell's that the charges that used to be made in the clubs of London against Gladstone were all lies, but that he was undoubtedly very foolish in chatting with "ladies" in the streets of London with the object of reforming them. Perhaps this explains the true story I have told you. You can pay your money and take your choice.

Jonathan Grub Strete.

"It is not usual for a wife to show her husband letters she receives," said a married woman at a County Court. Not all of them, at any rate.

BY THE WAY.

He is a Peer of this Realm of England, and he is by way of being an egregious ass. Quoth he to a crony the other day, "You don't think they'll say I'm going to Lords this afternoon because the King is going to be there?" This irresistibly calls to mind the remarks attributed to Sir Herbert Tree shortly after he had been knighted by King Edward. "You don't think they'll say I'm going to Marienbad because the King is there, do you?" anxiously enquired Sir H. B. T. of a friend. The reply is not recorded.

* * *

C. B. Fry's captaincy of "The Rest" in the Centenary match at Lords did not afford limitless satisfaction to the critical. In this connexion we recall a good and true story of Ranjitsinhji's last cricket season in England—in 1911—since he mounted the throne of Jamnagar. In a certain match the one and only "Charles" was managing the Sussex bowling particularly badly, until it was fairly in a knot. Suddenly Fry perceived that H. L. Simms had gone on to bowl. "How's this?" quoth C. B. angrily. "I didn't tell Simms to go on to bowl." "No, but I did," responded Ranji, quietly.

* * *

Next year is to see a shower of new books in celebration of the Centenary of Waterloo, and of these two of the most important will be done by the firms of Smith, Elder, and Williams and Norgate. It is also likely that the veteran, F.M. Sir Evelyn Wood—already well known for his brilliant study of "Cavalry in the Waterloo Campaign"—will be "heard from" in this connexion; while the ubiquitous Mr. Hilaire Belloc won't be silent. The author of the Williams and Norgate volume, an ex-war correspondent of repute, is making a special pilgrimage to the field of Waterloo. Yet another publishing house projects a work to typify the "hundred years' peace" between France and England, which dates from Waterloo—a charmingly pretty idea, what?

* * *

In coming forward as prospective Radical candidate for West Somerset, the Rev. Dugald MacFadyen, of Letchworth Garden City fame, is tackling a stiff proposition as well as a stronghold of good old crusted Toryism. Twice within the last decade this seat has been unsuccessfully attacked by Mr. "Charlie" Dudley Ward, nephew of Lord Esher, and husband of that star of the stage, Miss Maidie Hood. Mr. Ward so nearly defeated Sir A. Acland-Hood that when the latter's going to "another place" necessitated a by-election in West Somerset, "Charlie" was induced to have another shot. This time, however, he was beaten by many more votes, by Colonel Bowles, the present member. Oddly enough, Mr. Dudley Ward's brother, "Willie," meanwhile won a seat for Liberalism at Southampton after a fortnight's campaign, though a total stranger to the constituency.

* * *

The bald announcement that "Prince Moskowa has arrived at the Savoy Hotel" probably conveys little to the average man. The Prince de la Moskowa is the present-day representative of that great soldier, Marshal Ney—"le plus brave des braves"—on whom Napoleon conferred the proud title for Ney's glorious extrication of the rear-guard of the Grand Army after Moscow.

* * *

So it seems that the Jam-Sahib of Jamnagar (K. S. Ranjitsinhji) had lately "booked his passage" for a "surprise visit" to England, when he had to have his throat operated upon. As a fact, we believe that "Ramsgate Jimmy" had become so "frightfully fond" of those "surprise visits" to the Old Country—à la that delicious princeling in R. L. Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights."—that he had been gently notified by the India Office that his visits here were becoming fairly frequent, seeing that he has State affairs to administer. And the Master of Trinity bears witness that in his Cambridge days, when Ranji was supposed to be studying Roman Law, "his little game was the late cut."

* *

Long ago, before he ever thought that he would mount the throne of Jamnagar, K. S. R. used to tell intimate friends that if it ever came to pass he would abdicate in favour of his nephew. But, apart from family considerations, does a man lightly relinquish a throne, and a rent-roll of £160,000 a year? We pause for a reply.

NOT LIKELY!

Auntie: "That's right, Reggie. Give Dora a lesson, and when you've finished you can come and give me one."

MORE OR LESS.

Cowes and Characters.

Already people are talking of Cowes. The Solent is calling with the swish of its green mermaid's tail, the flowers are gay in the Squadron Gardens, that Mecca of the faithful of society, the little white yachts are dancing in anticipation upon the water like big, joyful swans. What matter if this year the racing is to be poor and the entries few. It's the play that is the thing, not the plot. The frocks and scandals and things, and what everybody is saying about everybody else, these are what matter at Cowes. It is London in little, with a setting of sea, and always, of course, the same faces, in varying figures and frocks. How heartily sick the Mayfair four hundred (and a few over) must get of each other by the time they have dined with each other, and danced with each other, and married each other and divorced each other three hundred and sixty-five times in the year.

Lavender and Linen.

The lavender women are in, which means, of course, that soon strawberries and summer will be out. I love lavender, and yet I am afraid to bring it into the house. Lavender is unlucky, they say. You would hardly credit such a demure bloom with anything so positive as ill luck, would you? Lavender always strikes me as being the old maid among the flowers—mauve and grey and green and so deadly discreet. Have you ever noticed how aloof it stands from other flowers, as if it were too busily engaged in good works to be even on nodding terms with more frivolous neighbours? There is no passion in lavender. Even its scent is drowsy, while its long green fingers seem to point sternly to convent walls. "Get thee to a nunnery" is written all over lavender, and yet—and yet it does make all one's frilly underneath things smell so nice. There is no scent to match it. The brides of yesterday chanced the luck and lined their wardrobes with lavender. I don't know that they were any unhappier than modern wives. Of course, we don't have any "underneaths" nowadays. A Bond Street firm has just failed for this reason. The hobble skirt did for them—both the firm and the petticoats. It seems such a pity, for what is love without lace?

Coffee For One.

The old, old subject of dull breakfasts has been revived. "Why is breakfast dull?" people are asking each other. As if anybody could be expected to be romantic and entertaining on a diet of eggs and bacon, tea and marmalade. The British constitution may change, but the British breakfast never. If breakfast were a meal of nightingales' tongues and champagne then things would very likely wake up a bit. But romance can never come out of bacon, and even the best Pekoe is not conducive to philandering at nine o'clock in the morning. Personally, I think breakfast is best eaten in solitude, a kind of "coffee for one" affair. Two people at breakfast is one too many. A working partnership of two at any other meal generally shows a handsome profit, but at breakfast it works out at a dead loss in appetite, temper and love. Every married couple have their first quarrel over the breakfast table. The moral, of course, to this is obvious. Either—don't breakfast, or don't get married. (The first is the more simple.)

Gloves and Majesty.

They laid a fan and a pair of white kid gloves upon the coffin of the Archduchess, but upon that of the Archduke his crown and sword. Thus does etiquette try and belittle love when it doesn't bear sixteen quarterings upon its quiver. Who cares? If those dull Court brains had not been befogged by so much heraldry, it might have struck them that a fan and a pair of gloves were as much insignia of royalty as a crown and sword. Every woman is born a queen. She does not always come into her kingdom, but her right to it is there. To me there is something more majestic about those long pale gloves lying upon the coffin-hid heart of a dead woman than there would have been in a crown of gold. By virtue of a fan, a pair of gloves, a rose, a handkerchief of lace, thus and thus should a woman rule, not by borrowed pomp. Had I the choice, I am quite sure I would sooner be the friend of kings, and write their names in the pearls about my throat, than a queen with a hundred quarterings and the dry bones of monarchial love.

LOUISE HEILGERS.

THE LATEST THING.

Tattoo your coat of arms in the waste places.

The virtue of some women is like the pink colouring on the outside of a lollypop. It vanishes at the first touch of man's lips.

* * *

A stitch in time saves nine, but the modern woman's gown doesn't require as many as that.

THE FAIR AT HOLLY-HOCK TOWN.

It was fair-day at Holly-Hock Town. Rosalie of the rose red ribbons stood alone. The gaiety of the scene lit up her eyes and flushed her cheeks; she was a rich man's only child, and had escaped from her chaperone, who was given to secret dozing during the evening hours, and so made her way to the fair.

A youth watched her wonderingly.

She seemed to know no one.

He knew everyone, down to the beggar man.

He slunk away and bought a posy of sweet williams and white stocks, and came back to find her still surveying the scene.

He touched her timidly; her fine laces amazed him by their fragility, as did her silken hose.

"What do you want?" she asked sharply.

His face flushed: "Everyone is gay," he said, "May I not give you these flowers?"

Her lips parted. She knew it needed but companionship to make her evening perfect—and Rosalie of the rose red ribbons was a finished flirt.

"Give them to me?" she repeated in her sweetest voice. "Surely—they smell sweet indeed. Oh, the fair is lovely."

"It is the same every year," he said, amazed at a ring upon her finger which even his country eyes recognised as a "real."

"This is my first fair," she said with a breath of delight. "Oh, in London there is nothing like it. It is all so old-fashioned, the dresses are so queer. Oh, one dreams of these things, and one sings of them, but that they should exist. . . "

"You are perhaps thirsty?" he said soberly.

She nodded: "Yes, and hungry too."

Together they went into a booth to eat.

Rosalie seemed careless of alien regard and the muttered sneers of "fine lady" from sour old country bodies. She bought pink beads for her neck afterwards, and goodies for the children, and her cavalier lost his wits completely.

They passed the merry-go-round as the moon rose.

A strain of dance music reached them. Rosalie of the rose red ribbons touched the young man's arm. "You dance of course?" she asked.

Eagerly he answered "Aye."

In a mad country dance she swayed against him often; her dress breathed a subtle perfume, her waves of coppery hair and her delicate colour mocked his youthful desire.

Rosalie at the end of the dance clasped his arm. "I am hot and I am tired," she said. He led her to a bank outside in the moonlight and fanned her flushed cheeks with a Japanese fan.

"'Tis fine weather," he said, "I wish there were a fair every day."

"You work hard?"

"From dawn to sunset."

Rosalie shook her head: "The charm of a fair is its unreality," she declared. "It's a day stolen from real life and bathed in laughter and music and romance. A huge unwisdom, quite un-English, and not so moral."

He looked at her in amaze. "How clever you are to say such things. And how beautiful you are."

She laughed in his face. "My beauty, what can that be to you?" she jeered. "I ran away to see the fair, and now like Cinderella I must run back."

"Let me come a little of the way with you?"

"No, no. . . I know my road," she said decidedly. "I left a little dark cloak behind a hedge. Oh, I know very well where, and so I shall run home, and won't they scold!"

COVERING EXPENSES.
She: "Yes, Archie's a perfect dear. Puts every penny he's got on my back."
He: "'Er— I suppose he's a bit hard up just now."

He touched her arm: "Another dance before you go away," he begged in a voice full of weariness and disappointment.

Rosalie of the rose red ribbons smiled: "No more—for me the little dark cloak and the road home. Perhaps next year I may come again if we come here to stay. Who knows? Good-bye."

He sighed to her: "A year. . . a whole year?"

"Perhaps for ever," she mocked.

"Why did you ever come to the fair?" he demanded suddenly and roughly.

"To see what it was like," she said heedlessly. "It is more amusing than I had thought."

"You had no business to come," he said. "Such things are not for fine ladies."

"Fine ladies? Why not? Why shouldn't a fine lady go to a fair? Why do you look so cross. . . . you will spoil it all for me. I will go at once while I remember the last dance. . . that was a nice dance."

The youth turned away. "Good night," he said.

Rosalie of the rose red ribbons turned away in the opposite direction. "God bless you," she said, and hurried away to find the little dark cloak.

The youth's mother pounced upon him: "An' who were you a-dancing with?" she said, "eh, my fine fellow? And everyone a-talking about you. Aren't your own folks good enough for you?"

"Not now," he said brutally. "Not now!"

* * *

Every year there is a fair at Holly-Hock Town and there a man waits for someone who never comes again.

Rosalie of the rose red ribbons does not know, for that was her first and last fair, and men are not faithful to a memory up in London Town!

C. N.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHAT.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

When are the police going to catch Putney's lady burglar?

* * *

Are there not now no fewer than three gambling "hells" within a stone's throw of Coventry Street?

* *

What were the extent of the losses sustained by the guests at a recent fashionable dance?

* * *

Will there not be a considerable sensation in political circles if Lord Wemyss' notes and diaries are published?

* * *

Who is the actor who received three proposals of marriage by one post?

* *

Are not the "goings on" in some of the punts in the Hampton Court stretch of the river rather too lively?

* *

Who is the famous physician who is suffering from the activity of a "double" of his?

* *

Who is the music-hall artist who may shortly be called upon to do a "turn" in the Divorce Court?

* *

When is the first number of the evening picture paper going to appear?

* *

What is the name of the K.C. who is taking such an interest in racing "systems"?

* *

Who re-christened the National Liberal Club "The Burglars' Rest," and why?

* *

Did Marie Corelli receive "quite" the price mentioned for her new romance?

* * *

How did Mrs. Pankhurst enjoy her holiday on the Norfolk Broads, and did she find fishing a bit tame after the more exciting exploits of militancy?

* * *

If the gossips are beginning to "get busy" over the whispered report of Lady Randolph Churchill's approaching union with an admirer who proposed to her before her marriage with Mr. George Cornwallis-West?

* * *

If the very latest dance to be taken up by the ultra smart is a sort of elaborated hornpipe executed with bare feet?

Why Captain F. Gosset so suddenly resigned his secretaryship of the Anglo-Spanish Welcome Club at Earl's Court?

* * *

The nature of the quick-fire correspondence which has recently passed between the Bishop of London and Mr. Bernard Shaw?

* * *

If the Jewish money-lender who had the audacity to embrace his lady client in his office in Tottenham Court Road is now living in hourly fear of being brought to account—but not by the lady's husband?

* * *

The Sea Lady (to fair perennial bather): "Hullo! back again."

The name of the London card club which was the scene of a very undignified dispute the other evening, and if a certain member is now going about with his arm in a sling in consequence?

* * *

How President Wilson likes having his foreign policy referred to by Mr. Roosevelt as "mushy amiability?"

* * *

The identity of the European Royalty who runs a hair-dressers' establishment and acts as agent for a well-known French automobile maker?

* * *

Who is the foreign princess at present negotiating with an English firm for the publication of a novel which was banned in her own country?

* * *

What the American paper means by saying that "Mr. Chesterton is an Englishman by girth?"

* * *

If it was not rather anomalous that the Gold Vase should have turned out to be a silver one?

* * *

If the young peer who has recently lost so heavily at cards is not getting very tired of inventing fresh excuses for deferring payment?

* * *

If the Prince of Wales really enjoys his briar pipe as much as he would have people think?

* * *

If Lady Drogheda will ever again be induced to enter for the ladies' tennis championship?

* * *

The nature of the funny story which is said to have originated with Prince "Eddy" at Mytchett, and if he really thought of it all by himself?

If it is not a great pity that a certain Countess and her sister are on such bad terms, and if is is extra tactful of them to let the whole of Society into the secret of their mutual jealousy?

* * *

How much of the £172 raised by "Murray's" in aid of Mr. Pearson's Blind Fund will go in "expenses"?

* * *

The identity of the well-known Society hostess, at present living in Gloucester Square, who has changed her address no fewer than five times during the past three years, and if Lady Diana Manners isn't getting rather tired of being consulted on the subject of decoration schemes?

* * *

What has become of the Eugenic Baby?

* * *

The name of the famous dancer whose husband has eloped with another woman during the honeymoon?

* * *

If Mme. Polaire has had the ring taken out of her nose yet?

* * *

If the M.P. who had a muzzle and dog-collar sent to him at his club now wishes he hadn't opened the parcel in public?

* * *

Who succeeded in persuading Lord Rothschild to replace his old-fashioned horse brougham with a smart, up-to-date motor car?

* * *

If a number of people are not envying Mr. Churchill his merry little jaunts on board the "Enchantress"?

* * *

Would not the expressed opinion of sportsmen on Bernard Shaw's asinine tirade against cricket, in the *Clarion*, be even less likely to pass the censor than the celebrated phrase in "Pygmalion."

* * *

Who was the well-known American banker who insisted last week on making up a "long drink" from his own recipe at the American Bar at the Cecil? And what was his lady friend's Shavian remark when she sampled the result which he took out to her on the terrace?

* * *

How much money has Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree invested in picture palace ventures? And does he not look like quadrupling his outlay before the year is out?

* * *

Why did Jack Johnson pay a flying visit to London last week? Was it not to fulfil a contract with Edison's Phonograph Company by reciting some dramatic dialogues for phonograph records?

* * *

Where will the unobtrusive "Twenty Club" fix their new headquarters? What caused the members to remove from their snug den in Grosvenor Road? Was it not through the well-based suspicion that they were under police observation? And is not this club a brilliant collection of some 14 men and six women who may be termed the maddest and most unbalanced people of literary and artistic circles?

AT THE SOCIETY CIRCUS.
Some brilliant bare-back riding.

F. B. ("Freddy") Wilson is fond of telling, against himself, this W. G. Grace story: In a county match down in Gloucestershire, just as "Freddy" came in to bat for the opposition, W. G. called his attention to a flock of alleged wild-duck in the sky, saying in his best Western dialect, "See they duck, Freddy?" The sun was high, blazing and dazzling, Wilson stared up at the supposed "duck," and—was bowled first ball, which was exactly what W.G. had intended.

* * *

The other day a certain fiction writer who has perpetrated a novel dealing with the vexed subject of capital punishment called on Mr. John Burns with a view to "getting his views," so that it might be worked as a "puff" for the book in question. But the right hon. gentleman astutely answered, "You can't give life, and, in my opinion, you shouldn't take it—but this is not for publication."

* * *

A true yarn from Glasgow:—In a certain Dissenting Church in Glasgow the minister is an enthusiastic Liberal politician, and in his congregation is an old man who is just as strong a Unionist.

A few Sundays ago the minister in his prayer offered up the petition that Lloyd George and his colleagues might "hang together," meaning, of course, that they would be united in their actions.

When the old man heard this utterance, he jumped up and taking the words in a wrong sense, said, loudly and sincerely, "Amen to that, Amen." The clergyman saw that he had been misunderstood and hastily added, "Hang together in accord and concord," which brought forth the fervent response of the old man: "Any cord, O Lord, any cord, so long as they're hung."

TABLOID TOPICS.

The lay of Covent Garden: "Sold Again."

* * *

A bull created a panic at Waltham Abbey recently. In the City "bears" are doing the same thing.

* * *

"Ghosts" is, or are, going in for a run. Just now many actors would be glad to see a ghost walk.

* * *

Perfumed writing-ink is fashion's latest fad. We know a poet who is writing an "O-de-Cologne" with it.

* * *

Dr. Blake Odgers, K.C.: "A few barristers still go in for getting applause from the gallery." Not in Mr. Justice Darling's Court.

* * *

The U.S. Admiralty are endeavouring to popularise "fruit punch" in the American Navy. The sailors are inclined to return the punch.

* * *

Two Parisian restaurant keepers have been fined for serving artificial pepper. But the ladies who frequent these places are real mustard.

* * *

A graduated scale of tea duty has been suggested. Let it graduate by all means, but the scale demanded is one which will not weigh paper as tea.

* * *

In the Sandow case the jury found that it was not libellous to depict an actress wearing a corset. The jury have, evidently, seen some of our revues.

* * *

One of the political parties of Italy has adopted side-whiskers as a method of recognition. They are evidently strong supporters of the hair-apparent.

* * *

A parlourmaid who ran a needle into her foot was awarded £200 under the Workmen's Compensation Act. And now it is her employer who has got the needle.

* * *

Mr. George Gascoyne: "You light your house. Why do you not light your garden?" He might as well ask: "You dig in your garden, why don't you dig in your diggings?"

* * *

Some persons have discovered that cancer and other diseases are attributable to old wood. That being so, the course is clear. Seek fresh woods and (for hydrophobia) Pasteurs new.

* * *

Consumers of "tanner" teas at Kew Gardens have been shoved out of the cool sheltered places by the superior "bobbers." Hot weather is responsible for some very shady conduct—on the Q.T.

* * *

A judge who fined a man £2 for kissing a girl said the smallness of the fine was due to the fact that the kiss was given in the dark. Probably this is the only case on record in which the culprit was glad he did not receive a light punishment.

* * *

The Bazaar, in replying to a correspondent who wishes to become a dentist, says, "your electrical engineering training will stand you in good stead." We are sorry for the patients. Fancy anyone absent-mindedly connecting two teeth by means of an exposed nerve.

"I have grown weary of talking," says Sir Edward Carson. Thank goodness! Now perhaps we shall have a rest.

* * *

A contemporary publishes an article on "The Secret of Smart Dress." But isn't it rather an open secret nowadays?

* * *

"If the oak knew its power and could apply it . . ." sighs Mr. A. E. Crawley. But then the oak has more bark than bite.

* * *

The Times wants to know whether English women are to follow their French sisters to the ringside. But they'll go further than that—if it's the right kind of ring.

* * *

"There are two kinds of summer girl," says a daily, "the lamp-post girl and the lamp-shade girl." And the poor "nut" is the lamplighter, we presume.

* * *

"Visitors will oblige by giving notice of their intention to leave as soon as possible," says a notice in a Northern hotel. Then why do they invite them to come.

* * *

"Personally I couldn't consider a summer without a foulard frock," says a woman journalist. Nor could we. And many a foulardy thing we've done to get it, too.

* * *

"Scotland in ribbons for the King," says a headline. We are delighted to hear they are giving up kilts, but they still seem to have a liking for draughty sorts of clothing.

* * *

"Brains in the Ring" is a *Sporting Life* headline. No wonder those dear good people who get their news from headlines think boxing is a terribly blood-thirsty game.

* * *

We read that a well-known actor has been presented with a fine goose on the occasion of his birthday. The "bird" is not generally received with enthusiasm by members of the profession.

* * *

"What singers must learn" was the heading of an article in our breakfast rag the other day. We didn't read the article, having guessed the answer at once in a brilliant moment of inspiration—to sing.

* * *

Speaking of monkey-flesh as food, Mr. Roosevelt says: "I can assure any keeper of a zoological garden that it would be quite safe to leave me alone with his monkeys." Verily blood is thicker than water.

* * *

"But what game is there which can be played by oneself, and at one's very door?" asks Mr. Hamilton Fyfe. He has evidently forgotten that grand old home-with-the-milk game of "seeking the keyhole."

* * *

Says Mrs. Marian Neilson: "One of the most difficult things to photograph is the mouth." We take it that this refers only to women, as rapidly moving objects are among the photographer's greatest obstacles.

Short-sighted Old Lady: "Er, Policeman, where shall I get the Waterloo 'bus?"
P.C. on point duty: "Well, ma'am, if you're standing where you are now in half a minute you'll 'ave it in the small of yer back."

Don't try to be whole-souled in a half-hearted sort of way.

* * *

Shake hands with every man you meet. That only leaves him one hand to pick your pocket.

Kindness is something we receive and have to pass along in order to keep it.

* * *

The man who boasts that he is self-made relieves the Lord of a great responsibility.

IN STAGELAND.

I see, after all, that "The Van Dyck," Mr. Irving's unsuitable sketch upon which I commented adversely last week, is to be used in conjunction with "The Sin of David" at the Savoy. I am rather sorry; still, it is better that a sketch of this nature should accompany the seat-slamming of late arrivals than something really good. But is it not becoming recognised these days that an excellent curtain-raiser tends to abolish altogether the unavoidable nuisance of late arrivals? Two I have in mind—Mr. Miles Malleson's "Hide and Seek" before "The Blue Mouse," and "The Drums of Oudh" before Mr. Cyril Maude's "Earl of Pawtucket" years ago—so successfully enhanced the common-place aspect of the two bad plays they preceded that one wondered how it became possible for discerning managements not to extinguish the latter for very shame of their existence.

* * *

I believe it is the recognition of these trenchant points that causes the tendency to employ non-committal *levers de rideaux*. Witness, for instance, Miss Margaret Morris's Dancing Children before "A Scrap of Paper" at the Criterion, and the many successful little light comedy piano artists and character studies which have very satisfactorily fulfilled all the functions which would have been demanded of the most ambitious one-act sketch in a similar capacity.

* * *

Two things are certain if serious pitfalls are to be avoided. The curtain-raiser must afford a vivid contrast in *genre* to the production itself, and must certainly be of less importance in entertainment value. In this latter respect alone will "The Van Dyck" qualify, and I am frankly sorry to see that Mr. Irving intends to dignify it by his own appearance.

* * *

"Pygmalion" and its attractive little blast of purest vulgarity have ceased to exist, apparently long before the box-office need have indicated its withdrawal. His Majesty's will not re-open until September 5th, when Sir Herbert Tree, after a holiday which will *not* be spent entirely in Marienbad, in spite of the daily Press, will present Louis Napoleon Parker's version of "David Copperfield." Sir Herbert will double two of the principle *rôles*.

* * *

The *Referee* tells us, by the way, that Mr. L. N. Parker has become a naturalised *American*, and I suppose it may have been discovered by this time that Mr. Parker's naturalization is to *our* advantage—in other words that the U.S.A. have lost his citizenship, and that he has become a Londoner in the eyes of the law as well as by inclination and instinct. I am not surprised. It must be a dreadful thing to be suspected of American origin if you are theatrically inclined in England to-day.

* * *

Mr. Ned Wayburn is an American citizen, and he is skilled in the production of entertainment suitable to American taste. Some one has persuaded him that that taste is not widely divergent from our own, and he will keep on working off one test after another on our innocent heads. "Dora's Doze," at the Palladium, is described as consisting of "seven nightmares." He said it himself, and it seems an unusually accurate diagnosis, so we'll let it go at that! I'm sorry nevertheless that the house selected is the Palladium, which has an excellent all-round tone. I am sorry for Oscar Schwarz, whom I remember in very different and happier surroundings at the London Opera House in "Come Over Here." By the way, what is a "peachy girl"? The bills tell us there are a lot of them in this work.

* * *

If further material of the revue order was essential to the Palladium's scheme of things, why not have set Mr. Eustace Gray to work on something similar to "I Do Like Your Eyes," which was daintily staged and produced, and altogether free from the futile vulgarities that, happily in a less degree now than formerly, still infect that nebulous type of production which is best described as twice nightly revue. I don't see that it is any disadvantage that Eustace would be concerned more with theatrical production than with nightmares, in spite of his not being American.

W. K. C. B.

"DAM CLEVER, AREN'T YOU"

LOVING AS WE DO.

"But Jimmy," said Amy, sitting at my feet, "were you ever in love before?"

"Often," I said, proudly.

"Oh. . . Go on; tell me all about it."

"Them," I corrected. "However. Never while I live shall I forget Mona. Eyes like a budding cornflower——"

"Vanilla flavour," said Amy.

"Hair like old red gold, dully flickering——"

"And eyes like cornflour? What a pudding she must have looked!"

"She presented a picture I shall never forget until my latest day."

"I believe you. Go on, Jimmy."

"Her parents were passing rich, and Mona shared her peppermints with me daily. I remember she used to suck 'em and then rub her face with 'em. Once she drew in her breath sharply—ooo!—to get the pepperminty flavour in her throat. She swallowed the sweetmeat whole, and slapped me when I laughed. Withal, ours was a noble love, and she inspired my first poem:

Your sweets is nice; your eyes are blue——
You kiss me, and I'll kiss you.

"Its technique, I admit, is scarcely correct; but notice the emotional appeal—the restrained pathos."

"'Greedy James' or 'The Peppermints of Mona,'" said Amy.

"Then she left me," I said simply; "for ever. My rival, she discovered, could pull uglier faces than I."

"I wouldn't have thought that, James," said Amy.

"Insinuendoes, when so manifestly untrue, are as futile as a pea-shooter directed against an elephant. But my second love. My second love consumed me as ——"

"You consumed Mona's peppermints."

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt. You've made me forget what I was going to say; and it was really picturesque."

"Something about your love eating you, Jimmy."

"She inspired the second outpouring of my soul. I composed a poem of fifty-two couplets. The first, I believe, ran like this:

Each time I see you the sweeter you seem——
Last time you looked sweeter than chocolate cream."

"Still sordid, Jimmy. Choc'late and peppermints."

"Her mother didn't approve of me. She said I had a silly look. In reality, I was a nice little boy with ideals. . . . Some few years afterwards I met Eva, who had a little mole on her neck. I'll never forget that mole. She was more beautiful than the moon——"

"More beautifuller than me, Jimmy?"

"Play fair," I said. "Keep your distance. I composed rhapsodies on her lips; on her hair——"

"I don't like this bit, Jimmy," said Amy coldly.

"The touch of her lips on mine was softer than thistledown, lighter than gossamer."

"Wait till it's my innings, that's all," said Amy.

"She also, inspired me to verse. I compared her to her namesake, Eve, in a poem which commenced—let's see—something like this:

If Eve of old had lips as sweet as thine,
It makes me wonder Adam did not pine
To taste their nectar rather than the fruit.
Her voice did praise in honeyed accents fine.

Note, if you please, the 'honeyed accents fine.' In the light of my fuller wisdom, it seems to suggest that Eve gobbled at her meals. Nasty word, 'gobbled.' In the concluding stanza I made use, with rare effect, of the word 'hell.' I never saw her again. . . . Her father was a clergyman, you see. Possibly ——"

"You've been a bit of a poet in your day, Jimmy. Why don't you do something on my lips? . . . Well! I—I didn't mean that at all, Jimmy. You know quite well I didn't. What I do mean is, why don't you write a poem on my lips?"

"Nevermore," I said. "Who will can sit on Parnassus. I won't. The muse and I are out."

"Tell me, Jimmy. Go on. I know there's a story."

"In my more recent years, on the eve of manhood, I fell in love with a widow—I understand now that she was the widow of a publican. Think of your James in love with a publican's widow!"

"You weren't after free drinks, were you, Jimmy? Free peppermints, free choc'late, and free drinks. 'Jimmy'; or 'Little by Little.'"

"In the full glow of my affection I penned the following lines—you know, I half believe I meant 'em. In the light of after events, that was the most unkindest cut of all. They went something like this:

O, all the loves I've ever borne,
Have been for you;
Yea, all the loves I'll ever bear
Will be for you ——
O womanhood incarnate!

And thou hast taught me, still is left
Much that is sweet;
Hast giv'n me strength to rise again
From my defeat.
For thou art woman wonderful.

I feel scarce worthy of thy robe
Or finger-tips;
But in thy mercy infinite
Thou gav'st thy lips.
For thou art gracious womanhood.

I know now she was in reality fat, gushing, and grasping. Extremely grasping! Do you know what that miserly woman did?"

"I don't."

"She sold those lines—the earnest of an unworldly, passionate love—to the editor of The Poet's Corner of some provincial rag for the sum of three-and-sixpence. Picture it." My voice broke. "The bleeding heart of an anguish-torn lover exposed to the vulgar gaze of the mob for three-and-sixpence. Think of it: three-and-sixpence."

"Never mind, Jimmy," said Amy softly. . . "The poem wasn't worth it."

ERIC DE 'BANZIE.

"Father," said an enquiring youth, "when a hen sits on an egg for three weeks and it doesn't hatch, is the egg spoiled?"

"As an article of diet, my son, it is henceforth a failure; but for political purposes it has its uses."

* * *

It is often easier to discharge a duty than a book.

ENGLAND'S UPS AND DOWNS.

INTERNATIONAL SPORT.

Recent events in sporting arenas have been international in character. England is either down in the dumps or living in a seventh heaven of delight—all according to the point of view. Defeats at Henley in the Grand and Diamonds by an American crew and an Italian sculler synchronised with brilliant performances at Stamford Bridge in the athletic championships, and defeats at lawn tennis at Wimbledon.

Then, to put us all in good humour came Freddy Welsh's astounding success in the world's lightweight championship match at Olympia, on Tuesday. Such matters give us days of kaleidoscopic like variation. The victory of the Harvard crew over Leander at Henley, and the subsequent triumph of the famous American college, together with the altogether unlooked for success of the gigantic Italian sculler, Guiseppe Sinigaglia, who cut down and beat all his men by sheer strength in the Diamonds, has given rowing men a fit of the blues. It must have been some famous oarsman of a bygone day who was prompted to display an obituary notice in *The Times*, lamenting the decease of British rowing. It says:

> "In loving memory of British rowing, which passed away at Henley, July 4th, deeply lamented by many sorrowing followers who hereby place their regret on record."

Had Harvard beaten Leander in the final perhaps rowing men would not have been so sorrowful, but all four crews in the semi-final round were foreigners. They comprised Harvard and Boston from America, Winnipeg from Canada, and Mayence from Germany.

The fact of the matter is outside the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race rowing men largely take their sport as a pastime. These foreign crews had been training *as crews* for a long while before they arrived at Henley for their final tuning up. Leander, as usual, were content to pick eight brilliant oarsmen, and try to lick them into shape in something between a week and a fortnight's rowing, and it can't be done.

In 1912 Leander lost to the Australians at Henley, kept together as a crew, went out to Stockholm, and handsomely wiped out the Henley defeat in the Olympic eights. The excuse made was that the Australians had gone stale and Leander had trained on. I don't know anything about the staleness side of it, but I did watch the Leander men train on, day by day. We want a lesson, now and then, to shake us up, and we had it in rowing with a vengeance.

We can turn to the other side of the picture when we come to consider the athletic championships. As usual the foreigners had the best of it in the field events, but in the track contests, which, after all, are the real things, only one championship left these shores, and that despite the most determined foreign opposition.

In the sprints Applegarth again proved himself the most wonderful runner, at any rate, of modern times, by winning both the hundred and 220. Had he been pushed I believe the world's record would have gone in both cases. As it was he was credited to do a shade faster than 10secs. in the hundred, and in the 220, in which he palpably eased at the finish, he equalled the world's record at 21 1-5secs.

Next to the running of Applegarth was that of Hutson, his finish in the mile being a thrilling spectacle. G. Mikler, a very fine runner from Hungary, would probably have won this race but for making his efforts a full furlong too soon. When he went away from the crowd, rounding the bend into the back straight, he gained such a lead that his victory seemed assured. The Scot, D. M'Phee, gradually but surely took the others up to him. He, Ives, and Wood, all looked likely to score in turn, but Hutson blew into the straight with a wet sail, and added the race to the four miles that he had already won on the previous day.

We were introduced to an American runner who is going to make history, or I am much mistaken, in Homer Baker, of the New York Athletic Club. He won the half mile in 1min. 54 2-5secs., time which beat C. Bredin's 21 years' old record by nearly a second. He would also probably have beaten C. N. Seedhouse in the final of the quarter, but got shut in hopelessly. A pleasing feature of the sports was the smart form of many of the youngsters. In F. H. Mitchell, of the London Hospital, we have a quarter miler who may easily be world's champion at Berlin in 1916.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

NOT ENCOURAGING.

Lady Golfer: "I don't know how it is; the longer I play the worse I seem to get."
Caddie: "I suppose you've been playing a good while, Miss?"

ANOTHER MILITANT SCARE.

About a fortnight ago I met my old friend Phillips in the park. He was looking utterly miserable, and I asked him the reason.

"It's Maud," he replied, "my wife, you know. She's got the fever."

"I'm awfully sorry to hear it," I said, "I hope it isn't very serious."

"Oh, I don't mean that sort; that wouldn't be so bad. I mean the militant fever, and I'm afraid it is serious. I had no idea when I married her six months ago that she had any leanings in that direction, and now she talks about nothing else all day, and threatens to join the W.S.P.U. I hardly dare think where it may lead to."

"It is a bit thick," I agreed, "and my advice is to send her away to the seaside for a couple of months' holiday."

Phillips said he would do as I suggested.

I saw him again in the Strand yesterday looking, if possible, more miserable than ever. He dragged me into a teashop, and pulled a letter out of his pocket. "Look at that," he said, with tears in his voice, "did you ever hear of anything so awful? Your plan has failed utterly."

I took the letter and read as follows:—

"Dear Charlie,—I have done what I said I should, and joined last week. They have given me a welcome such as I have never had before, and paid me compliments which I hope to justify before many weeks have passed. One lady said they looked upon me as their champion. This seemed to me especially kind, considering I have been a member for so short a time, but I suppose it is on account of my great enthusiasm. You should see my muscle! I feel so fit that I could challenge any man living. We had a splendid tussle yesterday morning, and in the afternoon the court was crowded with spectators. Next week will see the downfall of All Saints' Church, and the following week the pride of the Devonians will be brought low. (Their pavilion is really a magnificent affair.) I feel full of new life, and proud to be doing something to prove that women ought to be on the same footing as men in these things. Excuse more as I am just off to join the fray once more, Maud."

"When did you get this?" I asked. "This morning, at the office," said Phillips. "I haven't been home for a week. I'm staying with some friends while Maud is away." "Does Maud know the house is locked up?" I said. "No," he replied. "I should go round to your house if I were you," I advised, "you will probably find something that will surprise you."

This morning Phillips came to me with his face beaming with delight. He shook me warmly by the hand and thrust upon me another letter from Maud, which had been lying on the mat at home for some days. It ran thus.—

"Dear Charlie,—It is so fine here that I have thrown the whole musty idea of 'Votes for Women' overboard, and mean to have a good time of it, rather than risk going to gaol. I have been thinking of joining the Etonian Tennis Club for the time I am here. They are a very nice set of people, and have arranged some excellent fixtures with All Saints' Church and the Devonian Club. I have played once, and, I believe they think I'm a bit of a dab at it, and they want me to join as they haven't any very strong lady players. Excuse more. Love from Maud."

JOHN CARLTON.

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GOLF.

Golf is not one of the things that France has yet become a very formidable rival in. True, Armaud Massy has won the open in this country, but his success might be cited as the exception that proves the rule. Massy, Gassiat, and one or two others, are good enough to play in any company, but generally speaking golf is not a game for the French temperament.

With Vardon and Ray away last year, in quest of the American championship, George Duncan won the trophy. This year, with Vardon, Taylor, Braid, and Ray all among the entrants, it was felt that this was a second edition almost of the English championship.

At any rate play was steadier than is the general rule, and in winning J. D. Edgar played in no sense fireworky stuff. He hit the ball a very long way off the tee, was beautifully accurate with his irons, and generally took the regulation two putts. Had Edgar been having a lot of luck on the green he might readily have won with an extraordinary score. As it was, scarcely any four or five yards putts went down, but at the same time he had very few threes.

Edgar had rounds of 71, 74, 70, and 73, steadiness and excellence combined, but this was typical of the meeting, for Vardon, who, as second, had a highest round of 77 and a lowest of 71; Ray, the third man with three 74's and a 73, was the steadiest of the lot; J. H. Taylor, who came fourth, had a lowest round of 72 and a highest of 76, and H. D. Gillies, the Welsh amateur, and the unluckiest of mortals in not having yet won the amateur championship, had two 77's, a 74 and a 72. Then came Tom Ball, F. Leach, and James Braid with no single round touching the eighties. To win the French championship this year a man had to be top hole.

J. D. Edgar is professional at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He is a man who has played well in professional golf without doing anything of note. He knew he had it in him, and his failures to give of his best in big events had worried him, so he consulted "Dr." Vardon.

Never was a man more willing to do aught for his brother professional, or indeed anyone who goes to him with golfing troubles. What shall I do to be cured, in effect said Edgar? Vardon was happy in his reply. The occasion was at Bishop's Stortford in the big competition held there last May. "Do not try so desperately hard on a big occasion," said Vardon, "Just play as you do in a private round at home. That sort of golf will carry you far."

It came off. Edgar said the words were ringing in his ears all through the two days at La Touquet, and he is now the richer by the championship, a medal and fifty of the best and brightest. Harry Vardon, the eminent golf nerve curer, had the honour of filling second place to his pupil. Nothing succeeds like success, and we may easily see Edgar right at the top of the tree before long. Vardon knew the man's play and like the real good fellow he is he told him the remedy. It is rather the rule for champions to teach their opponents, and we get more cases of pupils benefiting in such an extent that they defeat their preceptors in sport than in anything else in life. After all, golf is Vardon's living, and the more brilliant his successes the more his services will fetch for exhibition matches.

Outside the French tournament there has not been much doing in golf lately. But now comes along the holiday season, and amateurs will be having a great time all round the coast.

Niblick.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

"Wally" (Amesmford, S. Wales).—It would take long & column to answer your queries, even if we knew exactly what you want. Apply you to write to the Commissioner, Royal Military College, Camberley.

A. S. Harris.—Your method of betting in the Calcutta Sweepstake, both sure and unfettered, can be [illegible] stick to your money. The "lottery" you mention is a small [illegible] the Calcutta Sweepstake—i.e., a gigantic sweepstake on the result of a horse race.

P. R. L. (Ealing).—The only members of the famous Grossmith family connected actively with the stage at the moment are George and Lawrence, both sons of the famous George Grossmith, the giant of the comedy stage of the Victorian era, and Weedon, brother of the latter.

E. L. Mc I. (Headingley).—The bars and refreshment [illegible] provide a large proportion of the metropolitan theatres are run directly by Mr. Geo. Dance, who caters so successfully for the provincial taste in musical comedy.

R. S. M. (Sutton).—(a) The Samuelson Film Co. is a concern of fairly large way of business, and is quite new. (b) Miss Agnes [illegible] their "cinema star," is sister to Miss Mary Glynne ("Lady Noggs," "Oliver Twist," and "Wendy"), and is herself a "legitimate" actress of more than average ability.

"Martin" (Earlswood).—There is no Futurist stage cult of any prominence or importance in London, thank fate! Art circles only. Quite probably there's more down your way.

THE OUTER MAN.

A. J. R. (Purley).—Cuff links should be oval in shape and of plain, unchased gold.

Pip (Reading).—The cuff of your coat sleeve should be finished with three buttons.

M. T. S. (Southend).—Your socks would probably last longer if you bought them one size larger.

T. G. (Romford).—Sets of fancy buttons are not in fashion.

MOTORING.

F. T. (Sevenoaks).—Triumphs and Douglases both give long service, and fetch a good price second-hand.

E. J. K. (Woodbridge).—We do not recommend an ultra lightweight without two-speed-gear.

Motor (Gravesend).—Mechanical horns give a good note, last long, and cost nothing to maintain.

"KISSING."

An entertaining little book, full of amusing hints and reflections as well as [illegible] Missed Kisses." "Doing without Girls." "Jealousy." "Kissing as an accomplishment." "Flirting considered." "Kissableness," etc., etc. A clever and dainty encyclopedia on a fascinating subject. Post free, 1/-

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IT is said that "hunger is the best Sauce." This may be right in a way, but the Epicure whose palate at times requires stimulating is often of a different opinion. He looks round for some condiment that not only contains the necessary ingredients to promote a good and healthy appetite, but also possesses the power to effectually aid the digestive organs. The proprietors of the P.P.S. in placing their Specialty before the public can, with the utmost confidence, recommend it as the best Sauce upon the market. It has won its way to the front most entirely by its unrivalled merits, and not by extensive advertising. Its exquisite flavour and its assured ability to aid digestion so appeal to those once using it that its sales are continuously increasing. A perusal of the numerous unsolicited testimonials will confirm the above statement.

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FINANCE & ASSURANCE.

The French Loan has been successfully floated, money is cheap and likely to remain so, but markets have not yet developed the activity that was anticipated as a consequence of these favourable conditions. Consols and other gilt-edged securities have weakened; Home Rails remain an uncertain market, a fair demand that developed having suddenly dried up; foreign stocks are depressed, especially Brazilian Bonds, anxiety regarding the course of the new loan negotiations still dominating the situation. There has been a little more activity in the oil market, and Kaffirs have had a spurt, but Rubbers have not, so far, recorded any benefit from the improved price of the commodity. Altogether, public apathy and the holiday season combine to keep the markets dull and uninteresting, although the financial outlook is regarded as more promising. Certainly, investment bargains abound, but nobody has the courage to pick them up—everybody waiting for a lead.

* * *

The stockbrokers of London are in dire straits, and, in the absence of business, are agitating themselves regarding the question of commissions payable by the public. This agitation is about as practical as would be a discussion among farmers as to the degree of closeness with which they should shear the lambs that are yet unborn on their farms. For, there being no clients, the commission question is not of the slightest importance just at present.

* * *

The real trouble with the brokers is that they number about 2,500, while there is only business for about 500. Hundreds of them never ought to be in "The House" at all, for they have no capital, no credit, and no clients. Reckless gamblers, they pocket anything they win, and "go broke" when they lose. They are a danger to their colleagues and to the public.

* * *

Some of our readers may be invited to participate in the first dividend of 1,200 per cent. which is "expected" to be paid on the shares of the Algiers Oil Trust. We think it advisable to suggest that they should leave the shares and the "expected" dividend to those who are in such a frantic haste to sell the former. For the dividend might never materialise, despite the alleged "expectation!"

* * *

In the City it is generally thought that we may soon hope to see the Ulster squabble settled; the creation of two armies, both well armed, having proved a potent factor in favour of peace. There is a more optimistic feeling abroad. Promoters and underwriters are understood to be "getting busy." Improved conditions and cheap money should promote a period of activity which would be eagerly welcomed after the prolonged period of stagnation.

* * *

Several correspondents have written to ask us whether there are not securities that will yield from 5 to 6 per cent. Of course, such securities exist, but their purchase involves a certain degree of risk, which the small investor would not be justified in taking. That is why we do not recommend such high-yielding descriptions.

* * *

Lying before us now is a list of excellent securities yielding at present prices 7 per cent. and over. But they are not for the small investor, being more suitable for a capitalist who can afford to take a little risk by mixing some of these 7 per cent. securities with his gilt-edged 4 per cent. holdings, in order to secure an average of, say, 5 or 5½ per cent. on his invested capital.

* * *

GILT-EDGED INVESTMENTS.

The following gilt-edged securities yield 4 per cent. or over at present quotations:—

		Price.	Yield p.c.
South Australian Loan	1940-60	98	4 1 9
Trinidad Loan	1917-42	100	4 0 0
South African Loan	1943-63	98	4 1 9
Canada Loan	1960	98	4 1 9

* * *

No partner in a business can afford to ignore the possibility of suddenly losing his partner, and, as a consequence, the withdrawal of the latter's proportion of the capital on which the prosperity of the business mainly depends. Thousands of businesses have been crippled, and many ruined by this disastrous development. That is why so many firms have found it profitable to take out a partnership policy—which covers the most important contingencies in this connection.

* * *

Thus, two partners can arrange to take out a policy for the ultimate benefit of the firm. Should one member die, his survivor has merely to maintain the business by paying the proceeds of the policy into the account of the firm. Everything continues as before; the survivor has not to look for a partner in a hurry; he can make a satisfactory arrangement with the heirs of his deceased partner. Considering the benefits available, partnership assurance is not expensive—about £100 per annum premium will assure £2,000, with profits, on the first death of two men aged 35 and 45 respectively. Business men contemplating the acquisition of a partnership policy should consult us for further details, which we shall be happy to furnish on demand.

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[Replies are sent by post to readers enclosing stamped addressed envelope.]

C. E. S. (Coulsdon).—Will advise on loans by assurance if you will send specific information as to requirements.

Enterprise (Pontefract).—You can transform your business into a private company with advantage, and at a moderate cost. Give full details, and we will make a suggestion.

Balty (Penzance).—Have nothing to do with the firm. They are bucket-shop experts who are after your money.

Kapar (Bradford).—Linggis are not shares we could recommend; even the rubber market offers more attractive bargains. Consult your broker.

Pak (Gosport).—We know of no assurance company exclusively for women. But in Paris there is an office that has only one tariff for males and females. On the other hand, Farrow's Bank for Women is a popular and successful institution in London managed and staffed exclusively by women for women.

L. K. (Hull).—We do not initiate speculation, or recommend investments. But there are in the Kaffir market shares with exceptionally generous yields. For instance, Modderfontein returns £9 6s. per cent.; Modderfontein B £10 5s. per cent.; Langlaagte £10 12s. per cent.; Brakpan £14 7s. 6d. And there are others equally profitable.

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CHOOSE YOUR CAREER

Yes; CHOOSE your career; MAKE your career; that is the ONLY way to get on. It's no use folding your hands and waiting. Nothing comes in the world of work to him who waits, except a tombstone. The men who make their way, who succeed, who win and hold good positions, are the men who have a definite object and who determinedly push and fight to get there. What is your aim. Read this list of some of the—

Positions for which the I.C.S. Qualify Students

Advertisement Writer.....
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Book-Keeper .....
Builder.....
Chauffeur .....
Concrete Engineer .....
Designer, General.....
Draughtsman .....
Electrical Engineer .....
Farmer.....
Foreign Correspondent.....
Gas-Power Engineer .....
Linguist .....
Marine Engineer .....
Mechanical Engineer .....
Mine Foreman.....
Mine Manager .....
Motor Engineer .....
Newspaper Illustrator.....
Patternmaker.....
Poultry Farmer.....
Quantity Surveyor .....
Salesman.....
Shorthand-Typist .....
Show-Card Writer .....
Steam Engineer.....
Telephone Engineer.....
Window Dresser .....

If you will write to us we will send you full particulars of the training the International Correspondence Schools will give you to qualify you for any of the above positions. Please name which position you are in or want to be in, even if it is not given above. These schools give a thorough, practical, and up-to-date training; not a mere theoretical training, but a practical training by practical men for practical men. Address—using our full address, so as to avoid delay—

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RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

When Mr. Ernest Tanner, the prospective Liberal candidate for Newmarket, had a few words straight to the point to say on present-day starting at headquarters during the First July meeting, he gained the approval of everyone with the interest of the game at heart. Starting has always been a greatly criticised part of racing, and this season we have had just cause for complaint. The practice of young apprentices crouching on the withers of horses in approved American fashion is doing the game no good, for the youngsters have little or no control over a fractious performer. Mr. Tanner advocated a walk-up start, and punishment on jockeys who do not come up to the scratch punctually, and the latter suggestion ought to bear fruit, as jockeys should be treated as they were in the olden times, and not as though they were the bally earth, as a friend remarked the other day.

The Liverpool Summer Cup, which comes up for decision on the 24th inst., is likely to be an extremely interesting affair, as the entry includes such good handicappers as Maiden Erlegh, Florist, and Junior.

Last week I mentioned that Kennymore is undergoing thorough preparation for the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park next Friday. My latest information is to the effect that Sir John Thursby's colt is travelling better at exercise just now than he has ever done before, and the son of John-o'-Gaunt-Croceum will make amends in this ten-thousand-pounder for his failure in the Derby.

At the time of writing the weights for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood have not been published, but I have heard of one or two rods in pickle, and I hope to inform readers of the "goods" very shortly.

A friend who has seen Baron Maurice de Rothschild's Sardanapale win all six of his races this year tells me that this French colt is easily the best three-year-old of the year. So far this season Sardanapale has won stakes valued at over £30,000, and including his two-year-old days the prize money he has secured for his wealthy owner amounts to something like £40,000. It is possible for this fine horse to beat the record of Isinglass, who during his racing career won the huge sum of £57,455 in stakes.

With the Second July meeting at Newmarket down for decision on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and Sandown Park on Friday and Saturday, we shall have plenty of attractive sport during the coming week.

On the opening day at Headquarters the Beaufo[rt] Stakes may be won by Cigar, the Khedive Plate by Sun Umbrella, and the Trial Selling Plate by Rangag. Erl King may secure the July Handicap on the second day, and Cheerful the Swaffham Handicap. The Summer Handicap on the concluding day should fall to Broadwood, and the Bury Handicap to Gold Vein.

Maybe Birlingham, who has been specially reserved for the race, will prove to be Kennymore's most formidable opponent in the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park on Friday. On the same afternoon Shelswell may secure the Victoria Welter Handicap, and The Angel Man the Surbiton Handicap. On Saturday Kiltoi has a good chance of winning the Royal Handicap, and Kodak the Warren Handicap.

WITH MOTOR-CYCLE & CAR.

If the average motorist were asked what was the greatest attraction of his hobby, he would in nine cases out of ten reply "touring." It would certainly be difficult to find one word which better expresses the reliability, convenience, economy and delights of the modern motor-cycle or car. Those who have never experienced the charms of touring should take down their maps and guide books without delay. Those who have will not require reminding that now is the best time of the year to wend one's way through the highways and byways of rural England. Many people take their motor holiday in August, but then hotels are apt to be overcrowded and the visitor suffers from inattention. July and September are ideal months for the purpose.

As the years roll on seaside resorts become more and more "suburban," while once secluded beauty spots are made the termini of motor 'buses. The motorist, however, can go where there are no trains and no 'buses to carry the noisy excursionist. He can enjoy a real holiday far from the madding crowd and the bustling city. What is more, he need spend not one half what it will cost his colleague to pass a fortnight at Brighton. Two friends should be able to manage a trip on a light car for ten shillings a day, while a motor-cycling holiday can be enjoyed for far less.

Many of these holidays are spoilt by mechanical troubles and breakdowns. Until we reach the petrol millennium, it will never be safe to venture anywhere without a comprehensive kit of tools. A little care will, however, reduce involuntary stoppages to a minimum. Before starting on the tour, the whole engine should be examined. The crank case should be cleaned out with paraffin, and every part of the machine lubricated afresh.

Somewhere or other on the car a half-gallon tin of petrol should be stored away, with the determination that it shall never be used. It may well be worth a guinea in a dark country lane miles from home, when the ordinary supply suddenly gives out. It will be well to take a good collection of spares. A duplicate should in particular be carried of any part which in the past has given trouble. A small vulcanising set, such as can be purchased for about two pounds, will prove a boon. Altogether too much attention cannot be lavished on the tyres, which make or mar a tour. Every evening they should be carefully examined for cuts and imprisoned flints in the tread.

Don't forget to carry a tea-making set and some aluminium collapsible cups. Nut-milk chocolate is very sustaining when there is nothing more substantial to be had.

Luggage is always a difficult problem to wrestle with. Some people make a practice of sending on a suit case ahead, but this, of course, prevents them from making any deviation from the route that they planned beforehand. There is a great charm in having a clean outfit of clothes into which one can change in the evenings. It is well, however, to confine the travelling wardrobe to the smallest possible limits, and so enable it to find a place on the car or motor-cycle. A long and narrow fibre suit-case can easily be fastened to the back carrier of the latter. It is essential to have a dust and waterproof cover, otherwise at the end of the day the clothes will, in some mysterious way, become covered with dust.

E. B. INCE.

Are you still seeking Perfect Health?

Then You Have Not Sought HERE.

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President International Health League.
Author of "Physical Regeneration" "Highway of Health," "Marriage and All About It," etc., etc. Editor, "Bulletin of Health," Representation, Health Culture.

MY HOME COURSE OF NATURAL HEALING is a combined course of drugless treatment that deals with disease in the only way to eradicate it, that is it removes THE CAUSE. If you had a noxious weed in your garden, you would not clip the leaves to remove it, you would root it out. Just so with disease, **it must be rooted out.** My Course of Nature Treatment deals with both sides of men, the mental and physical. If you are weak, sick, depressed, or suffering from the results of harmful habits, if you are the victim to any baneful vice, if you are in want of efficiency and buoyant health, if you have been a disappointment and a failure, lacking in business ability, negative in disposition, not sought after by your friends, **YOUR HEALTH** is at fault in some direction, and the Home Course is what you need.

THIS COMBINED HOME COURSE IS THE MOST THOROUGH THERE IS.

There is no other system that can rejuvenate a drained system like this NATURAL METHOD OF HEALING, and this without the use of poisonous mineral drugs. Superb Manhood Regained, Strength, Power, Force of Character, Concentration, Will Power, Physical Energy, Quickness, Vivid Thinking, Personal Magnetism, Vigour, Self Control, and a striking Personality. If you wish for this, which is worth everything to you, write for my booklet.

In Six Short Months I can Remake You.

IS IT WORTH YOUR ATTENTION?

Read This:—

Dear Sir, 8/8/13.

I enclose my last instalment, and it is with the deepest feelings of gratitude I give you my final report. I was, sad to say, led into bad company, to my sorrow. When I came to you, and had a talk with you, I felt I was with one whom I could trust, and who would not hold back the skill he was blessed with. I have no need to outline my state, a man and yet not a man, no pleasure in life, simply a selfish degraded thing, no hope, no wish to live. Your first words inspired me, and soon your magnetic power seemed to invade me, and I then desired to do better, and to get well. Six short months has put me into another world. I feel a newly-made man. My health now is wonderful, I am strong, lively, happy, and sleep like a top, while my manhood, appetite, weight, and so on are all that could be desired. I owe it all to you. Accept my deepest thanks. Use this just how you like.

Yours ever sincerely,—A. K. L——N.

VITAL FORCE means Life, the force of Life, and so many young men through indiscretion get in a low state, and fly to the first quack remedy they see, without seriously considering it. To lose the bloom of youth, and to know the dreaded symptoms are daily getting a firmer hold is bad enough, but to adopt a useless treatment adds fuel to the fire. Weak men go to the Wall. **Don't be a Weakling.**

Certain ailments drain the nervous system more in Summer than any time.

The Sunshine Health is a correct balance between the Physical and Mental side of Man, Perfect Health, and regular working of the system.

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Anæmia	Constipation	Hysteria	Hernia, or Rupture
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Liver Trouble	Gravel	Sclerosis	Spleen, Enlarged
Kidney Disease	Heart Weakness	Tremblings	Stomach Trouble
Catarrh	Palpitation	Varicocele	St. Vitus' Dance

Varicose Veins, etc., etc., etc.

"The Simple Life Book and Natural Healing." 6d., post free. This book explains the Natural Methods, and Mental and Physical Development, and How to Cure Yourself. Free, one penny stamp postage.

"Health Culture" Magazine (Monthly, nearly 100 Pages). The high-class Health Journal of the United States, contains articles by Jonathan Nicholson on Health, Physical Regeneration and Purity. Subscription for the year, 7/6. Supplied by Subscription List only. Representative for Great Britain, Jonathan Nicholson.

Post to JONATHAN NICHOLSON, LL.D., Argyle Chambers, 106, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Grum: "What's become of that pal of yours who was so mad on motoring?"

Brum: "He absent-mindedly crawled under a mule to see why it would not go."

* * *

"I have become engaged to Fred."

"What ever induced you to do that?"

"Why, Fred, of course."

* * *

UNPROMISING.

A retail dealer in leather goods, doing business in Baltimore wrote to a firm in southern Massachusetts ordering a car-load of merchandise. The firm wired him:

"Cannot ship your order until the last consignment is paid for."

"Unable to wait so long," telegraphed the leather merchant. "Cancel the order."

* * *

FLOW OF WORDS.

"Have you observed the flood of conversation between the poet and his inamorata?"

"Perfectly natural. He spouts, she gushes!"

* * *

AN IMPETUS.

"I didn't think he would fall in love with Miss Phonks?"

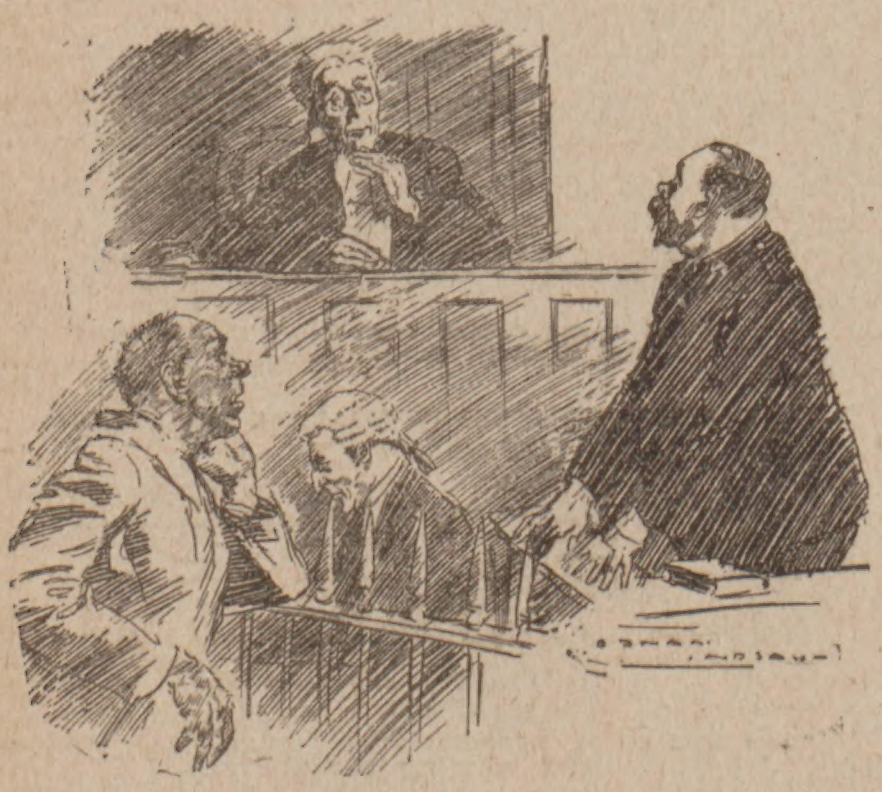
"I think he was pushed. Her mother did it."

* * *

Tommy: "Mr. Nudlefase, my sister Laura said at table this morning that she thought you had the prettiest moustache she ever saw."

Mr. Nudlefase: "You oughtn't to repeat things you hear at table, Tommy."

Tommy: "Oh, but she's going to give me a penny for telling you."



THE SCENT OF THE LAW.

His Honour (to witness): "Did you notice anything to convince you that the accused had been drinking?"
Constable: "Oi did, y'r Honour. Oi detected a horrible shmell av broken bottles."—"Sydney Bulletin."

"I have put you next to my wife at table—but I must warn you that she is very deaf."
"So am I."
"Excellent! Then you will get on together very well."
"Journal Amusant."

IN THE MIDDLE CLASS.

Wifey. What is the social scale that the novels talk so much about?

Hubby: That is where they weigh money.—*Illinois Siren.*

* * *

THIS WAY OUT.

Adam (looking at her critically). You seem to be quite different from me.

Eve: That's the first compliment you ever paid me.—*Puck.*

* * *

AT THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

Pierrette: What was Mrs. T. Smith-Hulligan supposed to represent?

Pierrot: Judging from that long, trailing, split skirt she had on, I should say an observation train.—*Cornell Widow.*

* * *

INDUSTRIOUS.

"He's never made any effort to support himself."

"Oh, yes, he has! To my certain knowledge, he's proposed to every girl with money he knows."—*Baltimore American.*

* * *

NEIGHBOURS.

"The people next door play the graphophone incessantly."

"Still, they seem kind-hearted. They have offered to loan us any records we like."

"I should prefer to borrow some of those we don't like, and thus get them out of commission for a few days."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

* * *

DEDUCTION.

Deacon Creaker (referring to the preacher): He was once on the stage, but he found the church more congenial.

Keenan (from another city): Doubtless on account of the fact that congregations don't hiss.—*Puck.*

* * *

ER—QUITE SO.

Lydia: When Jack met Billy and me out walking, I found it very hard to conceal my dismay.

Alice: I imagine! It's so hard to conceal anything with the present style!—*Judge.*

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

In this hustling, bustling age it pays a man to dress well. The "small profits, quick returns" system has spread to almost every class of the community, and nowadays we all of us have to transact business with hundreds of whose character and position we have but little knowledge. There is often no time to institute long and tedious enquiries, so it is necessary to judge largely by what is termed "outward appearance." And, although we may not in our hearts realise it, what influences us more than anything else is the manner in which a person dresses himself. An orderly exterior is generally proof of an orderly and well-balanced mind. Clothes to the private individual are as shop windows to tradesmen. They are his chief means of advertising, yet how many neglect this cheap and easy ladder to success. In America things are very different, and money spent at the tailor's is not grudged. Even in this country no one can deny that the average city man is twenty times better dressed than was his predecessor of a dozen years ago.

* * *

It is much easier for a woman to dress well than for a man. She has so large a choice—so many different styles and colours from which to select. A few lounge suits, a morning, and a dress suit—and our resources are exhausted. The man who would wish to outshine his fellows in matters sartorial must pay attention to little details. Nothing, for instance, is more important than a well-glossed collar, and if the laundry cannot impart a good shine to your linen, you should transfer your custom elsewhere. It is as important to wear a clean collar with evening dress every night as a new shirt. Often enough the shirt can be worn at business next day, but the collar must be at once relegated to the laundry basket. Another important point is that the tie should be uncreased. A different one should be used each day, while the others are being stretched and pressed.

* * *

Shoes must be kept in a stretcher when not in use. It is economical and restful to the feet to wear a different pair each day. Cracks across the instep, which come of overwork, are untidy and uncomfortable. A smart pair of socks is, of course, an absolute necessity for the well-dressed man. Those in the city should choose black with white or purple silk clocks or a black and white check design. For *négligé* wear the socks should be of the same colour as the tie—and, by the bye, it is a good plan to adopt neckwear of the same colour as your eyes.

* * *

Neat gloves go a long way towards general smartness, and those fastened by a brass button are on the whole preferable to the stud variety. At this time of the year a walking-stick is indispensable, and the "straight up" type is the favoured pattern. A plain silver knob, engraved with the owner's initials, should be fitted. The ferrule is of horn, and the "body" should be a well-figured Malacca cane.

* * *

After a collar, the most important item in a man's clothing is undoubtedly his hat. Hats make or mar their wearer, and great care should be devoted to their selection. Pride of place must be assigned to the "topper," which suits almost everyone. For the last year or so it has been rather under a cloud, but there are signs that it will regain its old-time popularity during the coming autumn and winter. The new model will show a slight variation on that in vogue in previous years. It will be a trifle shorter, and the brim will be very flat. But of this more anon. Meanwhile, suffice it to say, that a cheap silk hat is an extravagance. It will quickly lose its dead black colour, become "frowsy," and the brim will begin to fray. A guinea is a good price to pay.

* * *

The bowler is undoubtedly by far the most all-round useful hat. It goes well with anything but a morning coat or evening dress. Contrary to the opinion of some, it should never be worn with a dinner jacket. Some manufacturers are making bowlers with rather too flat brims, which are apt to look bounderish, and should be avoided. A well-chosen shape provides an exceedingly becoming form of headgear. For summer time the Panama is the aristocrat among hats, and during the last few weeks it has been seen a good deal in the West End. Considerable improvements have recently been made in the manner in which it is bleached and finished. It is by far the most refined product of a *négligé* age.

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